

# DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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## The Friar's Christmas.

In the convent of St. Joseph, high above the Pinchon Pass, Fifty monks before the altar knelt to say the Christmas mass. Low they knelt; but little cared they for the solemn words they said. All their thoughts were on the dainties for the Christmas dinner spread.

Much they murmured at the abbot for his slow and measured drone. "Will he never close the service?" Suddenly a clearer tone Sang above them: "For His coming who to save a world from sin Let the glory of the heavens for the manger of an inn."

"Is this mockery your welcome? Is it thus you keep the day Blessed forever be the Christ child that on Mary's bosom lay? Will you feast while others famish? In the homes of want below Men are starving—and them—feed them. For His sake arise and go!"

Robed and cassocked from the convent fifty friars took their way Downward through the holy stillness of the blessed Christmas day: Black against the drifted snowbanks showed their figures as they went. Much they looked like birds of rapine on an evil errand bent.

Birds of rescue, not of rapine, were the black-robed brotherhood; Like the raven heaven appointed to supply the prophet's food. To the needy and the dying gifts of life and strength they bore. In the homes of want dividing all their cherished Christmas store.

Robed and cassocked up the mountain through the dying light of day Climbed the fifty weary friars. Long and dreary was the way: At its end no Christmas dainties waited for them in the hall. Bread and water formed their dinner. Of their Christmas this was all.

But their joy what heart can measure when above the Abbot's drone As he led their vesper service rang again that clearer tone: "Ye are blessed in blessing other; whose lendeth to the Lord, Findeth here and more hereafter, his exceeding great reward."

Christ the Gift rewards true giving. He is ever fond of them, Who with gifts of heart and service seek for Him in Bethlehem. Ye have found Him.—Into silence died the lingering notes away; In the hush the Abbot whispered: "Nunc precamur, let us pray."

—Rosa Gordon Blake.

## OIL ON THE WATERS.

A TALE OF TWO CHRISTMASSES.

"Well, this has been what I call a Christmas," said Ben Habberton, with a great sigh of content as he threw himself into an easy chair in the great guest chamber that was his for the time and stretched his feet out toward the cheery log fire. "Now, I imagine," he went on, talking to himself in a light hearted way, "that a few days of this kind of life would tempt even me to give up knocking about the world and settle down, as they all want me to. By George, I have a notion to do it. Mother says that granddad wants somebody to look after the estate, and if he could only trust me he would be glad to have me do it."

Confound it all, that's what sticks in my crop. Nobody ever trusted me so far as I know, and I never would explain anything, no matter how suspicious the circumstances might be. So I always got blamed for everything. Hanged if I don't think that even mother used to think I took all the cream that any of the cats stole.

"Foolish, of course, to run away and go to sea, but what could a fellow do when he is always getting into scrapes and is too proud to deny anything even when he isn't guilty?" Well, I've seen half a dozen years of life and had a good fling out of it, but I don't remember that I ever did anything to be ashamed of. Hello! Who's there? Come in; the door isn't locked. Why, mother, is it you? Crying? What on earth is the matter?"

Springing to his feet, he took the poor little lady in his arms and placed her carefully in the big chair. Then pulling a stool forward he sat on it at her feet, and laying his head in her lap said: "There, mother. Do you remember, this is the way I used to sit when I was a little fellow? Now tell me all about it. What has happened?"

But she only sobbed the harder for a time, and at length when she could command her voice she cried out passionately, "Oh, my son, my son, how could you do it?"

The curly head was lifted instantly, and the handsome, boyish face grew sullen and hard. Recklessness and pride were Habberton family traits, and Ben, though a younger son, was a true Habberton.

So he said nothing, knowing that he would hear more presently, and

he did, for soon his mother talked on weakly and, if she had only known it, foolishly: "You know your grandfather always suspected you of being wild, and after you went to sea he always said you would come to some bad end, and I had hard work to get him to ask you here for Christmas, but after you came he liked you ever so much. He would not have asked you to sit with him this afternoon if he hadn't, and even when he dropped asleep and you left the room he was not angry. He said of course you wanted to be with the young folks. But how could you take that money? You ought to have asked me if you needed any. I know you said you had come back as poor as you went away, but I did not think you needed it right away. I can return it to your grandfather, of course, but he is so angry that he says he will have you arrested in the morning, and I do believe, Ben, that he would have made you his heir. How could you do it, Ben?"

Ben had grown very white, and his fists were clenched tightly when his mother paused, but he said quietly:

"So you and granddad have discovered that I am a thief, have you? How did you find it out?"

"Why, he had \$500 in bills in his writing desk. It seems he saw it there just before you went to his room, and there was no one else there up to the time he missed it."

"So he says I stole it, does he?"

"Don't use such words, Ben. Of course you didn't mean it for stealing, but I am afraid he will have you arrested—and think of the disgrace! Why did not you ask me for money, Ben?"

It was something like an imprecation that the young sailor muttered under his breath as he rose to his feet and walked up and down the room for a few moments. But no word more of any kind could his mother get from him until she had exhausted herself with weeping and pleading. Then he led her to her room, and, kissing her tenderly, bade her good-night.

Going back to his own rooms, he resumed his reverie. "Well," he thought, "I had a merry Christmas, for it's after 12 o'clock. And now for the old life. Cowardly, folks would call it, I suppose, to run away with a charge like that over my head, but I don't think it is. If I stay, the old man will surely make a row in the morning and there will be a great scandal. If I go, he will be too proud to make the scandal for nothing. He will call \$500 a cheap price to get rid of good for nothing me, and that will be the end of it. Poor mother thinks I'm guilty, too, but they won't tell anybody else for shame's sake, and if they can't trust me let them think what they will."

"Five hundred dollars," he muttered, with a nasty sort of laugh, under his breath. "That's rather a small sum to turn thief for, but I wish I had a hundredth part of it just to get grub till I strike another job. I could get it from mother easily enough, but I'd rather go hungry than take it from her, thinking what she does."

"But it's best for me to go. I would not care so much about it if it weren't for Alice. Perhaps that's best too. I don't know whether she would care. Probably I never will know now, so here goes."

And opening his window carefully and noiselessly, he swung himself out on a huge vine that clung to the side of the house, and, lowering himself hand over hand, he was soon on the ground. It was only five miles to town, and he was there long before daybreak.

Now Alice was a certain wide-eyed, clear-witted, young second cousin of this headstrong youth. They had never met till three days before, but great things are done in three days when Cupid lurks around old-fashioned country houses where the mistletoe is used among the decorations, was very much mistaken in thinking she wouldn't care. She would and she did.

Being quick-witted, Alice was also impulsive, and sometimes it was well that she was so. On the morning after Christmas she passed old Mr. Habberton's door very early on her way downstairs, and was greatly surprised to hear angry words inside. As the door was open she entered.

"I tell you he stole the money,

and I shall send for the police," stormed the old man, and Ben's mother, who had been pleading for mercy, gave up the struggle. "I would have sent last night if it hadn't been Christmas."

"Why, who has been stealing, Uncle Ralph?" asked Alice.

Even in his anger the old man paused. It seemed a cruel thing to accuse one of his own kin, but the case was too clear. "That young rascal, Ben!" he exclaimed and told the story of the money.

Then Alice had occasion, if never before, to be thankful for her quickness. "I don't think Ben looks like a thief," she said, "but, uncle, you say you saw the money in your desk just before he came in."

"I certainly did," said Mr. Habberton.

"But are you sure you left it in there?" asked the girl.

The old man looked at her in surprise. Then one emotion chased another across his rugged features until presently he sank back in his chair with an expression of great disgust at himself.

"I am surely getting old," he exclaimed, "I put it in the safe and forgot that I had done so. Don't let anybody tell Ben that I suspected him."

"But I told him last night," said his mother.

"Then go quickly and tell him to come here till I apologize. You have all of you been too ready to accuse that boy all his life."

This seemed rather hard to Alice, who had certainly never accused Ben of anything, but that wise young woman held her tongue while Mrs. Habberton hurried out of the room.

In a few moments she returned, exclaiming, "He is gone!"

Lighthouse 34 was situated about half a mile from the mainland on the point of a reef that lay irregularly parallel to the shore, leaving plenty of clear water between. The coast was rocky, and the light was maintained as a warning, for a vessel that should approach too near was liable to be dashed to pieces on hidden rocks anywhere within a mile or two.

The lighthouse keeper had a helper, so that usually there were two men on guard at 34, but leave of absence for one of them was obtainable at times, and it happened a year after Ben Habberton had left his grandfather's house that the keeper had gone to spend a few days with his family at Christmas time, and Ben, who was the helper, was alone on the reef.

Long after midnight Christmas morning that impetuous youth sat up in the lighthouse tower, gazing out at the furious storm that raged and meditating by no means pleasantly on the events of the year.

"I shall go melancholy mad if I stay here long," he thought. "It is no life for a young man, and I wish mother hadn't asked me not to go to sea again. I was a fool to make her even that half promise now by this time, and if she doesn't write and let me off from what I said, I must leave here and look for something on shore. This is neither here nor sea."

"I wonder what granddad thinks and how he came to make such a mistake. Confound him! He ought to know that a Habberton couldn't be a thief. It was just like him, though, to jump at the conclusion that I had done something wrong. Every one in the family is hasty—except me. Hello! What's that?"

He had seen a faint gleam out at sea, and watching as only a sailor can watch, he soon saw another.

"It is certainly a rocket," he exclaimed, talking to himself as his habit was when he was excited. "Some vessel is in distress. God help her and all aboard if they can't keep her offshore, and if she is disabled in any way that'll be hard work against this gale. If she's one of these coasting steamers and her machinery's broken down it's all day with her, for there's no anchorage outside the reef, and there's not a chance in 5,000 of her driving in behind without striking."

It was a coaster, and she was certainly beyond the control of those board, for as he looked, rocket after

on rocket went up in vain appeal, as it seemed. There was no life saving station within 15 miles, and Ben's eye was the only one that saw.

Nearer and nearer she came, driven by the awful power of the worst storm Ben had ever seen. Fascinated by the sight, he sat as if frozen, watching for the tragedy that seemed inevitable. He thought of the little boat below, but it was a hopeless thought. Twenty men could not have launched her from the rocks in the breakers that were dashing up, and no one man could have rowed her a rod if she had been afloat. All he could do was to sit and watch. He could see the ship now from time to time as she rose and fell on the waves, but every time she sank from sight he thought must surely be the last. He knew the cruel rocks that lay below the surface.

No earthly pilot could have guided her among those rocks to lee of the reef on which the lighthouse stood, but it was not written that she should be wrecked that Christmas day. Lying helpless in the trough of the sea, she drifted past rock after rock till Ben saw with an amazement that she was floating in behind the reef, and still he watched with straining eyes.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with a shout like a crazy man, and rushing down the stairway four steps at a time, he seized an ax and a big pannikin in the room below and ran out into the storm. A thought had come to him of one chance in a million, and he was after that chance.

A single blow smashed in the head of a hoghead, and in another instant he was scooping out the oil it held with the pannikin and scattering it like mad as far as he could in every direction. The wind carried it all toward the vessel, and the great wonder of the sea was wrought almost in a minute, for as the oil fell the waves abated, so that the ship was immediately in smooth water. Overboard went her anchors as quickly as the captain could give the order, and she was safe.

For the rest of the night Ben watched, throwing a little more oil from time to time, and in the morning, the storm having abated, he rowed out in his small boat to the ship's side.

As he stepped on her deck the captain greeted him with such thanks and praise as could only be given by one who had just been saved from destruction. Then as the passengers crowded up to have their say, Ben saw, to his amazement, his grandfather, his mother and Alice.

"We came after you, my boy," said the old man, "as soon as your letter to your mother came. You must come home again, this time to stay."

Ben looked at his mother and then at Alice. In both their faces he saw what he looked for, and then he answered:

"It'll be a merry Christmas after all, granddad," he exclaimed, with a happy laugh. And it was.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

## The Kafir's Wives.

The Kafir is a day laborer and reckons his wealth in the number of heads of cattle he may be able to acquire. He works for a couple of years until he can get 11 oxen or cows. Then he hies himself to the Zululand on the east or to other countries controlled by black men and there buys himself a wife. Ten cows is the price of a wife. The eleventh is killed for the wedding feast. The Kafir remains a few months with his wife, then off to the mines he goes to earn the price of another.

When he possesses half a dozen wives, the Kafir's menial toil is over, and he becomes a gentleman.

His wives plant the mealy (corn) and look after what cattle their lord and master owns. With a kraal full of daughters the Kafir must become a rich and important person.

The daughter of a chief costs 25 cows and the daughter of a king 60, no matter how old or ugly. The chiefs are severely strict in their watchfulness over the morals of the Kafirs. If one is found guilty of dishonesty, he is fined so many oxen. The Kafir is said to be better in his original state than when contaminated with what they call civilization.

## MILWAUKEE.

It has been raining constantly all day long, and, as I am thus unable to take the proposed trip to the hearing public several blocks away, to meet the teachers (who used to be my classmates at high school), I thought I would write a few paragraphs to the JOURNAL to assure my correspondents that "Pat's" silence, hitherto, has not been due to ill health, or even to indifference, but to a pronounced case of the,—dear me! I am not positive how to spell the Latin name, but as I have just thought of a disastrous love-affair (*a la* Sappho, you know) I hasten to hunt the word up, and here it is—*Morbus Eruditorem*. Now, since I have mentioned the mysterious, but powerful disease, let me ask what appropriate remedies Pitti Sing and Alexander the Great would advise. N. B.—Please hand in the prescriptions before the death of the old year. (Dear Smith, let me tell you that after what my bachelor-friend told me, I assure you that I do think Pitti Sing of a very charming personality. I believe I penned a poem to that effect some time ago, but for some reason, it was never printed.)

The deaf people in town have been very active socially. In November, William E. Mallory gave a most delightful party, and this was ere long followed by a social evening given at the home of Miss Nellie Orchikowsky. Thanksgiving Day, Miss Hypatia Boyd entertained her deaf friends at an informal reception. Then, the week following, Miss Ida Hirsch threw open the doors of her palatial home to her deaf friends. A bounteous supper was served, and there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the evening except the non-appearance of Miss Hypatia Boyd and her hearing friend, Miss Marie Krembs. Their absence was owing to the fact that on the Saturday afternoon, when Vice-President Hobart's funeral was held, no mail was delivered in the U. S., and so, of course, the Misses Boyd and Krembs did not receive their invitations to Miss Hirsch's party until the Monday following.

We greatly enjoyed the intellectual entertainment given by the Y. P. L. S. of the Deaf on November 18th. There was a large audience, and the programme consisted of a lecture on "Work and Its Worth," by Supt. Swiler, a recitation, "My Brother Henry," (from Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine," by Charles Dickens Boyd, and an address by the president, Miss Hypatia Boyd. Supt. Swiler's lecture was full of inspiration and encouragement, and among other things he said:

"The happiest people are the contented workmen, who go singing about their work, the most miserable, those who stand idle all day long without finding something to do. \* \* \* If we are at all ambitious to succeed, we must work. The life of every great man has been a continual struggle; some may say to him, 'how lucky you are,' but when he relates his experience, you see that long years of trial self-denial and hardship preceded his obvious success. \* \* \*

The necessity of supplying our own wants by work imparts confidence and ability. The glory of man is his independence. When a young man starts out, and sees so many others making a failure of life, he may well doubt his own ability, but, as years go on (it takes years) the sense of power grows, confidence appears, and the strong man stands forth ready to meet anything."

As to Miss Boyd's address, she began with saying that the meeting marked an important epoch in the advancement of the 300 deaf Milwaukeeans, and urged the audience to keep on adding to the fame of their city and state, after making such a good start. Then she went on to show that our infirmities are the richest heritage we can be born to, for they tend not only to strengthen and purify our characters, but likewise our faith in God and the Hereafter. "Deafness," she said, "is a veritable blessing in many ways. It is a wholesome stimulus toward the realization of the high ideal of the good, the beautiful and the true; for it fills us with an in-

describable longing to rise above our condition, to do something for the good of humanity, not merely for the sake of winning fame or wealth, but because of the love we bear fellow-beings." She concluded with a brief biography of the first deaf-mute recorded in history, that of Gyges, son of Croesus (see Ebers' "The Egyptian Princess") and of Dr. John Kitto, the deaf genius, who will be remembered as the author of the Daily Bible Illustrations and other valuable works.

Supt. Swiler was introduced (I forgot to say) by Miss Boyd, in a few well chosen words. Messrs. Malloy and Jankewszch had charge of the tickets at the door, and won the praise of their friends for the admirable way in which they discharged their duties. The courteous ushers were Samuel Sutter, John W. Kurry and Peter H. Springle. The entertainment was a great success, and the society is therefore to be congratulated upon their first public opening.

As Christmas is so near; I thought I would subjoin the following amusing letter, written by a child seven years old:

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—I would like to write what I wish to have for Christmas. I want to have a big Christmas-tree, a big sled, a pair of boots, an overcoat, new suit, a pair of mittens and a pair of leggings. I want to have a few games and a printing-press. Be careful you do not fall down chimney and look out that your reindeer do not run away if they do they will break all the things. I must not write too much for you have so many now already. So good-bye. Your loving boy, Rudolph.

Finally, "Pat" wishes the readers of the JOURNAL "A Merry Christmas and a Guid New Year an' mony o' them." Dec. 13, '99. PAT.

## Christmas Bells at the Eden Musee.

The Eden Musee has always provided extra attractions for the holidays and thousands of children and grown people have been delighted by the entertainment. This year the Musee has gone farther than ever before, and during the Christmas season will be one of the most entertaining places in New York. Gradually during recent years the Musee has been undertaking larger ventures in wax. This year it has gone farther than ever before. One of the most artistic and realistic presentations ever made has just been completed and is now on exhibition. It is placed in the large Lobby of the Musee and really forms a part of the Musee. Nearly the whole front of the interior of the Lobby has been arranged to represent the front of a large cathedral. The large center doors form the entrance doors to the cathedral. Above the top of the edifice is a brilliant star. At the side of the cathedral stands Santa Claus ringing three huge bells in the steeple. At each side of the building near the top are two angel figures most artistically moulded. They are bending downward towards the two windows of the church in each of which is a beautiful child. In the center and near the top is a child angel heralding in Christmas. From the top of the steeple hangs festoons of holly and mistletoe. At each side of the cathedral stands a beautiful Christmas Tree loaded with presents for the children. From apparently within the cathedral comes the music of a pipe organ. Altogether this group is worth careful study. It only gives a slight idea of the many good attractions in the interior of the Musee. Moving pictures will be made a feature during the holidays and there will be hourly exhibitions afternoon and evening with a change of pictures each hour. The subjects will be scenes from South Africa, comic pictures and the celebrated mysterious pictures. As an added attraction during the Holidays, Till's famous Royal Marionettes have been secured. Each afternoon at three and evening at nine, they will present a Christmas play containing much humor and pathos. These wonderful little wooden figures seem to sing and dance and talk just like real performers. They have appeared at the Musee several seasons and have been received with welcome.

## WHO THEY WERE.

Columbus, the discoverer of America, was the son of a weaver. The eminent French humorist, Francois Rabelais, was the son of an apothecary.

Cervantes, the illustrious Spanish author, was born of an ancient but reduced family. He early entered military service and served as a common soldier.

The great French dramatist, Moliere, was the son of a tapestry maker.

Terence, the celebrated Roman dramatist, was at one time a slave. Homer, most illustrious of poets, was at one time a peggarr.

The Greek poet, Hesiod, was a farmer's son.

Demosthenes, the most celebrated orator of antiquity, was a cutler's son.

The great English preacher, George Whitfield, was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

Thomas Wolsey, the English cardinal and statesman, was a butcher's son.

Edmund Halley, the English astronomer and mathematician, was the son of a soap manufacturer.

Virgil, the great Latin poet, was the son of a potter.

Horace was a shopkeeper's son.

Plantus, one of the greatest of Roman comic poets, was the son of a baker.

The English lexicographer, Dr. Samuel Johnson, was the son of a book dealer.

Oliver Cromwell was a brewer's son.

From the most humble origin, Thurlow Weed became one of the leading journalists of the United States and a great political leader.

Robert Burns, the Scotch poet, was a ploughman in Ayrshire.

William Shakespeare, "the chief literary glory of England," was a yeoman's son.

Daniel Webster was the son of a small farmer.

William Cullen Bryant was the son of a physician.

Andrew Jackson was born at Waxaw settlement, South Carolina. While the future president was still a mere child his father died, and the family was left in very reduced circumstances on a half-cleared farm in a new settlement.

Abraham Lincoln was the son of a poor farmer.

William E. Gladstone, "the grand old man," was a merchant's son.

## The Longest Swim.

Going with the tide, in the Thames river, Captain Matthew Webb once swam a distance of 40 miles in nine hours and 57 minutes. Montague A. Holbein, an English "long distance cyclist," swam three miles farther, although he made no such time record. Taking the water at Blackwall pier in the early morning, says the London Chronicle, Holbein went down the river on a strong ebb, which ran until he had progressed two miles beyond Gravesend. Turning then with the tide, he came back on the flood to Blackwall. He failed to reach the pier by a mile, owing to the tide failing him, and he left the water quite fresh and strong, willing, had his friends so advised, to turn again and complete 50 miles.

The distance he had thus covered—43 miles, which he swam in 13 hours 27 minutes 42½ seconds—is the greatest ever known to have been covered by a swimmer, although it has been assumed that Matthew Webb, when he crossed the channel, must have been borne almost as far by the changing tides.

## More Than Theory.

"I have studied finance very thoroughly," said the young man who wanted to help the bank president make a brilliant success of his enterprise. "Consequently I thought I would go into the banking business."

"Well," answered the elderly man as he polished his glasses, "I don't see why your having studied finance should be any hindrance. But you must recollect that you wouldn't expect a man to be a first class hand in running a wood and coal yard simply because he had studied botany and geology."



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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

THE fire which destroyed the large and handsome structure which formed the main building of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Education of the Deaf, sends far and wide a solemn note of warning to all the institutions of like character, which the enlightenment of the several states has provided, so that the deaf, like the hearing, can avail themselves of the advantages of education. As a rule, however, the institutions for educating the deaf are provided with the best modern appliances for subduing fire before it has gathered much headway. This was especially true of the Western Pennsylvania Institution, so we are informed. But the insufficient water pressure rendered the hose of no avail; and when the firemen arrived, the flames were beyond control.

The question is, Was this insufficiency of water pressure previously known; and had any steps been taken to have it remedied?

There may be other institutions, well supplied with stationary hose, hand grenades, fire buckets, and all else that the law requires or human wisdom can suggest, which, on the outbreak of a fire might be useless from causes not at present known.

Every institution for the deaf should have a fire drill; should test the fire-extinguishing apparatus at short intervals; and should leave neither attic nor basement to be overgrown with cobwebs for lack of periodical inspection.

It is almost certain that there would have been an appalling loss of life had the fire occurred at midnight instead of in the early afternoon. As it is, only one boy had a finger injured. The brave firemen, however, suffered badly, four being injured, two of whom may die.

The Western Pennsylvania Institution had its origin from the finding of a colored deaf-mute boy, who was taken to a Sunday school of the church of which Rev. Dr. Brown was pastor. Rev. Dr. Brown at once took an interest in the poor boy, and the discovery of several other deaf-mutes suggested the starting of a school. A deaf graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, Mr. Archie Woodside, was selected as teacher, and they were given a room in one of the Public Schools.

This was afterwards supplemented by the renting of a home for some of them, who lived too far away from the school.

The Institution was chartered in 1871, and eventually opened at Turtle Creek, about twelve miles from Pittsburgh, in 1877, with John H. Logan, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, as Principal.

The removal to Edgewood occurred in 1884, and the school was begun there in October of that year.

The promptness with which the directors of the burned institution have met the emergency, is deserving of commendation.

To Principal Burt, and to the teachers, officers and pupils, who must all feel the effect of the catastrophe, we extend sincere sympathy.

# FIRE.

## Magnificent Main Building of Edgewood Institution Destroyed.

### ALL THE PUPILS WERE SAVED.

### The Loss Estimated at About \$100,000.00.

From the JOURNAL'S Correspondent.

The fourteenth of December, 1899, will be a memorable date in the annals of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. On that date, between three and six P. M., the entire main building was reduced to a mass of ruins by fire. The great building, the pride of the surrounding towns and country, crumbled to ashes and smouldering ruins almost like a flash. The only redeeming feature of the catastrophe was that the pupils were removed to places of safety, although, in most cases, with the loss of all their belongings except what they had on their bodies. The same can be said of all the officers, teachers and domestics, from the principal down. One of the boys, John McDonough, while handling a hose at the elevator shaft, had his index finger badly cut and broken by falling debris. This was the only casualty among the pupils.

A good deal of the furniture from the first floor and some of the books of the library were carried out and piled up in the front yard. The rain, which had been coming down steadily all afternoon, completed the ruin. The rain, however, did about as much to stay the progress of the flames as the numerous lines of hose that were brought to play on the burning mass, and this, it must be confessed, was very little. The water supply and pressure were wholly inadequate to reach the flames during the first stages of the fire.

The fire started in the attic of the boys' wing at top of elevator shaft, but just how has not been satisfactorily ascertained. The roof went first, dropping on the floor, and this as it was consumed, to the next below, and so on to the basement. The attics were a forest of joists, beams and cross beams, as dry as tinder, and among these the flames spread with frightful rapidity. It is thought had there been a sufficient water pressure, the flames might have been confined to the boys' wing of the building. The extreme height of the building—three stories and a basement and capped with steep peaked roofs and towers—put the flames far beyond reach of the most powerful stream that could be brought against them. The hose in the building were of no use on the upper floors, owing to lack of water.

It is extremely fortunate that the fire occurred when it did. Had it taken place at night when all were asleep, it is frightful to contemplate what might have been the result. Only half of the classes were in session at the time. The rest of the pupils were in the shops or engaged in various duties on the first floors. So rapidly did the flames spread that it was impossible to reach the dormitories to save anything.

The destruction of the entire main building—approximately 300 by 200 feet—and most of its contents was total, and will have to be rebuilt from the foundation.

At this writing the greater number of the 198 pupils have been sent home. Many of those who live at a distance will remain and be cared for in the hospital building and girls' industrial building. The trustees of the Institution, with commendable zeal, have decided to secure suitable quarters and re-open the school within a few weeks. Many of the pupils may not return this session, but all those who desire to do so will be cared for. There is talk of a popular subscription for securing funds for re-building. Prominent business and wealthy men of Pittsburgh have already started the project. Of course the chief loss to the pupils will be the interruption and confusion of school work.

As soon as it was generally known that the pupils would be homeless, generous offers came from the residents of Wilkensburg and Edgewood, to take in and provide for them. Thus all were comfortably housed and cared for until relatives came for them.

To-day the vault containing the books and records of the Institution was opened and its contents found in perfect condition.

Mr. Allabough was in the attic selecting material for the New Year's entertainment, when he detected the presence of smoke there, and to him is due the credit of giving the alarm, which he did promptly, but even then the fire had such headway that it could not be reached by the bucket brigade. Mr. Allabough, who boarded in the build-

ing, lost about everything except his camera, typewriter and bicycle.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt and their son, William, lost everything, as did other officers, who boarded in the building.

Four firemen were hurt during the progress of the fire, two of them very seriously, and it was reported one had since died of his injuries.

The actual cost of the buildings destroyed was \$160,000. The insurance is about \$75,000. It is estimated that \$100,000 will be needed to restore the building.

It has not yet been ascertained just where or how the fire started. It is very likely it will never be. Some entertained the opinion that it started at or near basement and ran up the trunk lift. This theory, however, has nothing to stand on. The trunk lift was a sort of elevator run on the dumb-waiter plan, and extended from basement to attic. It was always kept closed, under lock, and never used. When the blaze was discovered in the attic, Supervisor Leitner unlocked the elevator door at the bottom and found no fire there, but could see plenty of it above. While he and others were trying to get a hose to play on the flames above, the wheel at the top of shaft dropped to the bottom. This is conclusive that the fire must have been burning some time at the top to have burned away the supports of the pulley so soon. The fact that flames were seen in different parts of the roof almost simultaneously makes locating the origin mere conjecture.

G. M. T.

### International Congress of the Deaf.

A conference of the sub-committee of the American Section of the Committee on Program of the International Congress of the Deaf, to be held at Paris in 1900, was held at the residence of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in New York City, at eight o'clock, Wednesday evening, December 13th.

There were present Rev. Messrs Mann and Koehler, and Messrs. Hodgson and Fox. Mr. Mann presided. In the absence of Mr. Veditz, Mr. Fox was selected as Secretary pro tem.

The Chair announced that notice of the meeting had been sent to all the Americans who were mentioned in the circular of the French Societies. Answers had been received and were read from Messrs. Hanson, Veditz, Draper, Robinson, and Dold. In these communications were contained several excellent suggestions. The conference, however, felt restricted by certain considerations in acting upon them. Beyond a tacit approval of the outline formulated at St. Paul, the conference had no direct authority to act for the American Section; the other members were not bound by its action, nor could it feel at liberty to formulate any definite plan without the sanction of the full Committee, or a majority thereof.

It was decided that as some action must be speedily taken to arrange the American part of the Program, and as the conference had been officially endorsed by the National Association, it should continue its work and seek the co-operation of all those named by the French societies, and of other leading American deaf-mutes.

On motion of Mr. Koehler, seconded by Mr. Hodgson, it was unanimously agreed that the American section call the attention of the French societies to the fact that, since the Congress is intended exclusively for the deaf, Mr. Ernest Abrams, a hearing man, has properly no place on the British Committee, and that we request his removal from the position, and the substitution of a proper representative of the Deaf of Great Britain.

A discussion on the questions of affording further opportunity for the preparation of papers, the censorship of papers, and the length of papers, resulted in an agreement that—

1. Papers stand as presented by the writers.
2. It be suggested to writers to keep within the limit of 1,000 words.
3. Members of the American section who have not already done so, be requested to prepare papers, either on subjects of their own selection, or on those suggested by the conference.
4. Invitations be extended to a number of other ladies and gentlemen, not mentioned in the circular, to present papers on subjects of their own selection.

In accordance with the above, the following outline of papers and writers was agreed upon, subject to the acceptance of the persons named:—

"Religious Life of the Deaf," Rev. Mr. Mann.  
"Social Condition of the Adult Deaf," Rev. Mr. Koehler.  
"The Primary Education of the Deaf," Mr. Veditz.  
"The Higher Education of the Deaf," Mr. Fox.  
"Teaching of Trades at School," Mr. Robinson.  
"The Deaf in Independent Business Pursuits," Mr. Hodgson.  
"The Relative Value of Hand Signs and Lip Signs," Mr. McGregor.  
"Professional and Technical Education of the Deaf," Mr. Draper.  
"The Deaf as Teachers of the Deaf," Mr. George.  
"The Deaf as Journalists," Mr. Hill.  
"The Volta Bureau," Mr. Hanson.

"The Cultivation of the Artistic Instinct in the Deaf," Mr. Tilden.  
"The Deaf in the Legal Profession," Mr. Grady.

The Secretary was directed to communicate with the following ladies and gentlemen, and invite them to contribute papers, leaving to them the choice of subjects:—Mrs. Balis, Canada; Mrs. Searing, California; Messrs. Smith, Minnesota; Davidson, Pennsylvania; Patterson, Ohio; Dougherty, Illinois; Cloud, Missouri; Hasenstab, Illinois.

It was agreed that papers be sent to the French Committee at Paris by April 1st, and notice be given Mr. Mann when papers have been sent. The Conference, after adopting the Secretary's rough draft of the minutes, adjourned to meet in Philadelphia in February at the call of the Chair.

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX,  
Secretary pro tem.  
NEW YORK, Dec. 14, 1899.

### OBITUARY.

#### GERTRUDE COCHRAN WALTER.

Gertrude Cochran Walter was born in Schenectady, N. Y., on the first of April, 1841. She was the daughter of the late Rev. William H. Walter and Ellen Cochran, and great grand-daughter of Dr. John Cochran, Surgeon-General of the American Army, during the Revolution, and great niece of the eminent philanthropist, Gerrit Smith, who was one of the first to plead the cause of the Slave.

About forty-seven years ago, when the writer of this entered the Institution for the Deaf in 50th Street, the first person to attract her notice was a child, apparently about ten years old, who seemed the very impersonation of grace and beauty. Large, expressive eyes, and a slender little figure, and above all, the spirit and intelligence shining in her face, gave her a charm and attraction which even an ignorant country girl felt through all her being; and from that day on, for nearly fifty years, this beautiful child who never grew old, came near her ideal of childhood's grace and goodness. Young and old alike felt the charm of her beautiful personality, almost at a glance.

She was instructed at her home, by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, until she entered the New York Institution for the Deaf. There she was one of the brightest and best beloved pupils of the late Edward Peet, second son of the late Dr. Harvey P. Peet, and he continued her teacher until she entered the High Class. Here she was, from first to last, under the instruction of the lamented Isaac Lewis Peet; and never were teacher and pupil more purely and fondly attached than they—an attachment that survived until he was called from his work on earth. Dr. Peet was often assisted in his work by Dr. Warring Wilkinson, now Principal of the California Institution, who possessed a peculiar and subtle talent for developing the understanding of his pupils, and Miss Walter has often said she owed him much of the success she met with in her life.

Probably, few girls, deaf from infancy, have had the benefit and blessing of a more beautiful environment. Her mother, who was one of the most nearly perfect women the world has ever produced, spared no pains to make the most of her daughter's life, until the missing sense seemed almost restored.

She was educated in that splendid old-fashioned (and now I fear fast becoming obsolete) method in which the language of sign plays so important a part; and her name became a synonym for graceful sign expression.

There are some now living, who remember the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Institution, when Miss Walter recited some simple verses written by a friend, to celebrate the completion of the Atlantic Cable, and as a welcome to His Royal Highness, and they also remember how his gaze never left her until she had finished and was presented to him.

She visited California, enjoying the impressive sights of that Wonderland, and came home to her idolized mother, full of enthusiasm for all she had seen.

She spent nearly a year in European travel in the company of Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and his wife, who were among her earliest and most steadfast friends.

Miss Walter was a member of St. Ann's Church, almost from its foundation, and there was no benevolent project connected with it that did not receive her sympathy and assistance.

She was always an eager student of current events, and during the Civil War, I have known her to be up in the morning, long before the usual hour, waiting for the daily paper to come with accounts of the last great battle; and her cheer of glad thanksgiving, if the Union forces had won, though only audible to the soul, was none the less real. We cannot follow her into the Unseen World, and we think not of what she missed with her lost sense, but of what she possessed in spite of the great loss.

Purity of soul and life; grace and goodness; a heart ever brim-

ming over with sympathy for others' sorrows, and means to give generous expression to that sympathy; all this was the possession of her who had no need of wealth or beauty or illustrious lineage, to make her beloved, to fit her for Heaven.

MARY T. PEET.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Died on December 13th, Mr. Alonzo Collins, aged 55. Buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, December 16th.

Mr. David Streat, of Perryville, Ind., leaves December 23d, to spend the holidays in Indianapolis, the guest of his Alma Mater.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Cronkhite, ex-pupils of the Illinois Institution, after some years of married happiness (?) agreed to disagree, and have parted.

Mr. Albert Hockstahl, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., is now a resident of Yonkers, N. Y., and has remunerative employment in the Reflex Camera laboratory. He is a graduate of the Rochester Institution.

Mr. William Wright, of Yonkers, N. Y., is once more a father-in-law. His daughter Jennie was recently married to Mr. Warren Hampton, a hearing young gentleman. The couple are residing on Elm Street, that city.

On Monday, the 18th, Mr. Isaac Brockman underwent an electrical demonstration by Prof. Wilson, who has been drawing immense audiences lately at Carnegie Hall, on Friday afternoons and evenings, in restoring hearing to the deaf. His "ads." in the daily papers speak for themselves, but not very much for his deaf "patients." Mr. Brockman sent a note to Prof. Wilson offering him one hundred dollars to restore his hearing, and the Professor wrote back that he "had no objection" to trying for it. The result of the test is not known at this writing.

Jesse Baylor, of No. 99 Cedar street, of Phillipsburg New Jersey, deaf-mute who is employed at the Alpha cement works, was found lying along the Central railroad tracks Saturday night about 10 o'clock by the crew of a pusher engine. Baylor was brought here on the engine and a doctor summoned, who said the man had been drugged. Baylor, when he recovered, stated that he had been paid on Saturday and while on his way home he met three men who gave him a drink of cider. The cider was drugged. Baylor lost consciousness and was robbed of \$15.68, his two weeks pay. Baylor claims he knows one of the men.

Miss Myrtle Boyd, of Covington, Ind., and Miss Kate Winters, of Perryville, have returned to their respective homes from a week's delightful visit with Mrs. Beckman, nee Nellie Thompson, in Tangier, Barke County. Mrs. Beckman's husband died a year ago, and she is now making her home with her parents. While there, they learned that Mrs. Frank Crane had been left a widow with two children some time since. Mrs. Crane whose maiden name was Melissa Weldon was educated at the Indiana School, and since her graduation in 1890, comparatively little was heard of her by her deaf friends. Her husband was a hearing man, and they made their home in Montezuma, where Mrs. Crane now resides with her husband's people.

### SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES

DECEMBER 24TH, FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 3 P. M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.  
St. Paul's Church, Paterson.  
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M.

The 27th Anniversary of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, New York, will be held in St. Matthew's Church, West 84th Street, near Central Park, on Sunday, December 24th, at 8 P. M. The service and report will be interpreted. Deaf-mutes and their hearing friends are cordially invited to be present.

On Christmas Day there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, at 10.30 A. M.

There will be a service in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on St. Stephen's Day, December 26th, at 8 P. M., to observe the first Anniversary of its Consecration.

### Santa Claus Will Be There.

Santa Claus will be at the entertainment in the Guild room of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on Wednesday, December 27th.

Ladies are requested to furnish cake for the occasion.

MRS. E. BROWN,  
MRS. W. BUEHL,  
Committee.

### THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

In my last communication to the JOURNAL, I stated that Mr. Whildin was making efforts to organize a society among the silent folks of our city, and criticized his management of the church services he has been holding here for several years, and set forth the reasons why his efforts have met with so little success. Since then he has secured the free use of a beautiful and handsomely-furnished room in the city, for the use of the proposed society, and held its first meeting. But as most of those who were present at the meeting were there only out of curiosity there was no organization formed, and from present outlook the chances of doing so are very slight. However the hall secured is open to the silent folks every two weeks, and a second call and an effort to organize will be made on January 13th, 1900, when the fate of the proposed organization will likely be decided.

So far there seems to be a lull in the silent society this winter. It has been an unusually quiet winter. Perhaps some are awaiting the exodus from Baltimore which Mr. Whildin promised to seek over.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitelock who attempted a "Society" call on a certain silent couple recently, found the people in the land of Morpheus, and had to make the call at Mr. and Mrs. Roberts', where a very pleasant evening was spent. It might be as well to say that the chief element of the silent folks are usually found at Mr. Roberts' on Sundays, and we fear the worthy people are beginning to ask each other if we are making a social call out of their home. Any way, we know we are always sure to be welcome, and can always find the latest news of the Mormon who is causing such a stir over his right to sit among the lawmakers of a mighty nation.

Messrs. Souder and Hannan are seriously considering the advisability of transferring their future homes to Oklahoma. In case they go we hope them all possible happiness, and will give them a royal send-off, with our blessings and hopes that they may some day return unscathed.

Mr. W. G. Wurdemann has recently added a new bronze medal to his already large list of medals won for being among the first to finish almost every century run made in Washington. Besides being a popular member of the leading cycle clubs of this city, Mr. Wurdemann is a fine wheelman, and a lover of all outdoor sports.

Mr. Le Fevre and his race horse seem to be scarce nowadays. Wake up, monsieur, and let the people see more of Charles I.

Rev. Job. Turner was seen on Pennsylvania Avenue recently. The good old man never fails to take a stroll up the avenue made historic by so many inauguration celebrations. He looks as hale and hearty as when we first saw him in the far away South, some nine years ago.

Recently on returning home from his office, one of the silent "boys" was made happy by the sight of a daintily wrapped box on which was his name and inscription "Birth-day Present" in feminine handwriting. Before he had concluded what fair one had so remembered him and formed any idea as to what a dainty gift to expect, he had it unwrapped and a dark shadow flitted over his brow as he beheld a piece of coal and wood. Ah, but the frown soon glided away as he noticed how empty the coal box was, and how the cold blast howled outside. So after all it was not an unwelcome present, even if the the momentary thrill of joy which it awakened in his heart was so speedily shattered.

A. D. H.

### OSWEGO, N. Y.

Thanksgiving day was a pleasant day. The sun shone brightly and everybody here enjoyed themselves well.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Lalonde, of No. 106 West Erie Street, invited a few of their deaf-mute friends to spend Thanksgiving with them. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fennell, Mr. Dumont Dewett, of Southwest Oswego County, N. Y.; Mr. Chauncey Engle, of Oswego Centre; Mr. Hiram Ball, of Mexico, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Hollop, Jr., and Mrs. Lydia Fullerton, of this city. The time was pleasantly passed by playing games, telling stories, etc. All stayed over night and departed next day after thanking Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Lalonde for their kindness.

Ethel May Lalonde, their daughter, was in Syracuse, N. Y., on a two weeks' visit with the latter's brother and sister. She has returned home, and reports a very enjoyable time. Ethel is a bright girl and understands the sign-language, and is a great favorite with the deaf-mutes here.

Mr. Joseph Hollop, Jr.'s, sister, Mrs. Mary Harrington, is rejoicing over the arrival of a big baby boy at her home. Mother and child are doing nicely. Congratulations to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Lalonde

and two children will be in Syracuse, N. Y., in a week, to make a visit with their brother and sister of that city. They hope to see their deaf friends.

OSWEGOIAN.

### The Deaf of Russia.

The young Czar of Russia, and his Peace Rescript proves, is a ruler of remarkable enlightenment and initiative. We are pleased to learn, moreover, that, not content with being himself in some respects a little ahead of his age, he is determined that his country, at least, shall not remain behind. The deaf and dumb of Russia are, at last, to be taken under the protection of the State, and Government schools to be founded for them throughout the Empire.

Dr. Tshlenow estimates that in all Russia there are as many as 200,000 deaf-mutes. Of this number, 45,000 are reckoned to be children of school age. There at present but 19 schools for the Deaf in Russia, with an aggregate of 1,014 pupils, being scarcely 2 per cent of the deaf-mutes of school age. The need that the Czar is now going to supply is therefore very obvious. The oldest and largest school is that of St. Petersburg, founded in 1806 by Empress Dowager Marie, widow of Paul I., who went to great pains to select competent instructors, and who as long as she lived, took the most intimate interest in the welfare of the inmates. In order to have the school more under her own eye, she first established it at Pavlyovsk, her summer residence, but afterwards removed it to the capital, as a more suitable location. The combined method of instruction was used until 1848, when it was superseded by the Pure Oral method. The pupils at present number 235.

The next oldest school is at Warsaw, founded in 1817. It contains 130 deaf pupils, besides a number of blind. This is said to have the finest buildings and grounds of any institution, the latter being laid out like a park. Its methods of instruction are eclectic, and it makes manual training a feature. Sunday classes are maintained for old pupils, besides other features of an adult mission. The Arnold Institute, at Moscow, is the second largest school, with 249 pupils.

It was founded in 1880 by Dr. Arnold. Its teaching, which includes instruction in several trades, enjoys the highest repute. Connected with this school is a "Home" for such of its graduates as become disabled from earning their own livelihood. Whether the benevolent founder is a member of the family educationally famous in England, we are not informed. The 19 Russian schools for the deaf are very unevenly distributed; Finnish Russia with a population of only two millions, having four schools and 141 pupils, whilst the rest of Russia has only fifteen schools and 873 pupils. It is surprising to find that large and prosperous city of Odessa, which has had a school since 1848, can boast of only 9 pupils. The schools at Viazniky, Toula, and Saratov, are perishing for want of funds.

All the Russian schools, so far, owe their support to private generosity, which is highly creditable to the Russian character, one of the strongest traits of which, strange as some politicians may think it, is love of their neighbor.—*British Deaf Monthly*.

### Where Candles Grow on Trees.

The bread fruit of Ceylon is very remarkable. Its fruit is baked and eaten as we eat bread, and is equally good and nutritious.

In Barbuda, South America, is a tree which, by piercing its trunk, produces milk with which the inhabitants feed their children.

In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces excellent butter. It resembles oak, but it bears fruit from which the butter is prepared. Park, the great traveler, declared that the butter surpassed any made in England from cow's milk.

At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, is a small tree, the berries of which make excellent candles. It is also found in the Azores. The latter tree also grows in Sumatra, in Algeria, and in China. In the island of Chusan large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered in November or December, when the tree has lost all its leaves.

The bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful soap. Trees of the sapindus or soap berry order also grow in the north of Africa.—*Ec.*

A large number of mills in South Carolina are making goods for the trade of China.

Ex-Senator Sawyer has given Oshkosh \$6,000 for the erection of a home for the friendless.

A tree near Mill Valley, Cal., is 45 feet in diameter. 1,000 people could stand inside the stump.

United States Senator Clarke, of Montana, is building a \$2,000,000 palace in New York.



# OHIO.

## More Money Earned for the Home.

### A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

#### Paragraphs of Interest.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 938 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The social given by the Columbus Deaf-Mutes' Reading Circle Saturday evening in the girls' recreation hall was a very pleasant affair and was largely attended. The attractions which tempted those to part with some of the coin of the realm were a fishing pond, icecream booth, Dewey pop corn, Porto Rico evening serve, Manila Candy, Hobson Kisses, cake, dance and bicycle trick riding, the latter performed by one of the pupils, Frank Smith and showed that he knew his business. The cake danced proved an interesting affair, the winner of it were two pupils, Miss DeLancy and Henry Munday. The cake was afterward auctioned off and brought 65 cents. Mr. Zorn, to whom it was knocked off, was considerate and shared it with a number of his friends.

Messrs. Frank Jones Clum and F. Schwartz had charge of the fish pond. Messrs. Reitman Bogart and Miss Hewitt looked after the candy and popcorn stand, while Misses Biggam, Bard, Dresback, Mrs. Miller and Messrs. Ed. King and G. Halse, dished out the icecream and cake to all who had a sweet tooth for the delicious and the nickles. Mr. Neutzing was in charge of the cake dance and succeeded in getting many to join in it. Mr. McGregor and Miss Foster were awarded the booby prize as the most awkward dancers. Each got a Hobson Kiss. The amount realized for the Home barn fund was \$14.24. The charity hall given last Friday netted \$36.75 for the same object. The total of the fund up to date is \$185.04.

President C. W. Charles, of the Alumni Association, makes the following appeal:

#### ALUMNI, AND FRIENDS OF THE OHIO HOME FOR THE DEAF:

Christmas is coming. In planning your gifts of the season, please remember the Home for the Deaf. The Home is our special charge, so it is fitting that it should have a place in our thoughts at Christmas time. Please make an offering of money or goods, such as your means will allow. An acceptable offering would be a pledge to contribute a certain sum for this year, and again for 1900. Over fifteen alumni have already signed pledges for from 50 cents to \$10 annually. Pledge cards will be sent on application to the undersigned.

C. W. CHARLES.

President Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association.

Send offerings to W. C. Charles, School for the Deaf, Columbus, O. Offerings will be acknowledged in the *Chronicle*.

The fire demon has added another institution for the deaf, the second for the year to its own. Friday morning papers give an account of the burning of the main building of our neighboring school the Western Pennsylvania. Fortunately indeed was it that no lives were lost considering the fact that the burning occurred in the evening when all were in the building. The *JOURNAL* will no doubt have a full account of the disaster in its issue, so we will add no more except to say that Pennsylvania is a rich state, and will see that immediate and abundant provisions are made for carrying on the school until the burnt structure is replaced.

Some time ago we referred to Mr. C. C. Neuner, as having gone over to Muskingum County to teach a private pupil. In a letter to the *Chronicle* of this week, he describes his charge. He is a young man of twenty-six years of age, who never attended school or been taught in any way until Mr. Neuner took charge of him. His parents or his father had ample means to provide for his education, but as is usual in such cases, deemed it unnecessary, and then the separation was something he could not bear, as he was the only child of the family. Two years ago the father died and his mother saw the necessity of giving her boy some education, and hence made arrangements for it by which Mr. Neuner was employed. Mr. N. says his pupil is apt and is making fast progress. What a pity the boy was not sent to school sooner.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Hoy are visiting the former's mother and relatives near Findlay, for a few weeks. We wonder where Mr. Hoy will play next season. The pick of the Louisville Club has been sold to Pittsburgh, but we have not seen Mr. Hoy's name among the players who are to form the new club. Then again the league is to be reduced, and that will throw out of employment a number of players. We hope Mr. Hoy will land in one of the eight clubs of the National League; anyhow, if he does not he will not want for a place in the lesser league.

We removal of the Principal's office to the new school building and therewith the school supplies, has vacated the room next to the

Superintendent's office. It has had the stairway in it and closet torn out, and is now being papered, and when completed it will form a private office for the Superintendent.

We had a good fall of snow Thursday, and the weather has been such since as to cause the boys to bring out their sleds and skates and have some genuine winter fun.

The county and city teachers held a meeting this morning at the Central High School, and were addressed, among other speakers, by Superintendent Jones.

The C Floor pupils had their social last evening and were as happy as could be in the games enjoyed. During the evening cake, lemon ice and chrysanthemums, were the treats they received in the dining room.

The Boys' Literary Society added to their library last week the following books: *The Prince and the Pauper*, Mark Twain; *Adventures of a Freshman*, L. L. Williams; *Captains Courageous*, R. Kipling; *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, Edward Eggleston; *The Last Three Soldiers*, W. H. Shelton; *Buds and Blossoms*; *Comic History of the U. S.*, Bill Arp; Mr. C. W. Charles prevented the society a volume of *Rulers of the World* at Home.

Miss Bertha Dresback has gone to her home in Johnstown, to remain until called back by work in the bindery.

This is the season of gift making why not send the *JOURNAL* for a year to some friend of yours as a Christmas present, and thus have it remind him or her of you every week.

Dec. 16, '99.

A. B. G.

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18.—The week has been rather quiet with us all on the Green, as all are hard at work winding up the term's work. The examinations begin Wednesday and last until Friday. The regular vacation will last from Saturday until January 2d, during which time many of the students will be away at their homes or visiting friends. Mr. Wheeler of the Normal Class has been the first to leave, having gone Thursday.

The holidays will be enlivened by entertainments of various kinds. The co-eds are to give a "Literary party," the S. N. D. C. is to present a pantomime, "The Ups and Downs of Farmer Hayseed," on December 29th, and on the following day, December 30th, Mr. McGregor is to give his lecture, "The Destruction of Jerusalem," before the "Lit." Besides these social and literary events, the G. C. A. A. has arranged to have the usual bowling tournament, beginning probably with Monday.

The Freshmen and the Ducks met on the gridiron, Wednesday afternoon, to decide which was the stronger at football, with the result that the Ducks got beaten 11 to 0, all the points having been made in the first half. The Freshman line was much the heavier and the backs were also good. This, together with better team work, accounts for the score. Some fine individual playing was exhibited on the part of the Ducks. Kurath's work was especially fine. At one time he made a run practically unaided around the Freshmen's right for about fifty yards, and several other good gains stand to his credit. The Freshmen victors have not challenged the Sophs who hold the championship, and hence it will remain in their possession for another year.

Prof. and Mrs. Draper gave a reception to the college community, Saturday evening from four to six o'clock, in honor of Miss Draper, who is home for the holidays from Wellesley College.

The total eclipse of the moon, which occurred Saturday night, was observed by a number of the students through the telescope at the college observatory, Prof. Day being in charge.

The football team had a photo taken by Rice, one of the leading photographers in the city. It is the best one we have seen of any team in a long time.

Prof. Hotchkiss has been able to meet his classes for several days on account of illness, but we hope to see him out in a few days.

Miss Mary Gordon of the articulation department is also sick, but is now better.

The first meeting of the Literary and social club which Mr. Whildin proposes to start for the deaf of the city, was held Saturday evening. About twenty persons were present. No organization was effected at this meeting. Another meeting is to be held on January 13th, 1900.

R. S. T.



**THE SIGN LANGUAGE**  
Interests young and old. The Lord's Prayer in the Sign Language is a beautiful booklet containing exquisite halftone illustrations in tint of 64 hand-drawn costumes, girls, each representing by motions a word in the prayer. Postpaid to any address, 15 cents. Deaf Mute Agents Wanted. Connecticut Magazine Co., Hartford, Conn.

# FANWOOD.

## The Career of An Amateur Photographer.

### GLEANINGS FROM HERE AND THERE.

#### Visitors and Other Notes of Interest.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Speaking of amateur photography in last week's issue of the *JOURNAL*, brought to mind some ridiculous incidents in the course of one amateur's career. He has since graduated, and as I name no names, the telling won't harm anyone. He used to expound so much about photography that we, to whom it was quite a mystery, were impressed with his superior knowledge. One day he was called upon to photograph a group of skaters on the boys' rink. After fumbling with his camera for nearly half an hour, during which his subjects were nearly frozen, he at last was ready. Just as he removed the shutter the tripod spread out and the camera came down flat on the ice. The expression on the amateur's face was one of intense disgust, and for weeks after he was continually asked for negatives of the group.

At another time he was making snap shots of a bicycle race around the boys' yard. He forgot to remove his thumb from the lens, and the result was he spoiled a whole roll of film, and the negatives proved excellent pictures of his own thumb.

He made arrangements to photograph the Proteus one afternoon, and the negatives plainly showed the water of the Hudson River and a fleeting glimpse of the palisades, but rarely a sign of the Proteus or her crew.

His work was usually blurred. This he explained was due to the plates, or the subject. He was told to get a better kind of plates and quit holding the camera like a man suffering from palsy.

Revs. A. W. Mann and J. M. Koehler were seen at Fanwood last week.

Mrs. Harold Nathan and Miss B. Herzog, members of the Ladies Board of the Lexington Avenue School for the Deaf, were visitors, Thursday. They were shown through all the departments by Principal Currier.

Since cold weather set in the gymnasium was thrown open to the regular classes. The boys on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the girls on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

A score or more boys could have seen last week, removing traces of rust from their skates and getting them ready for the skating season. Club skates are almost obsolete at Fanwood. Racing and Norwegian skates predominate. The runners are mostly 18 inches long. The boys don't cut any figures on the ice, but devote much time to speed.

Prof. Thos. F. Fox gave Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors," before the Fanwood Literary Association, Saturday evening. The reading was greatly enjoyed and Prof. Fox was given a rousing vote of thanks at its conclusion.

The eclipse of the moon was plainly visible here Saturday evening. Every body knows it needs no smoked glass to look at the moon. One of the cadet officers held a piece of glass over a gas jet, till it was almost redhot. Then he held it up before his eyes and the glass cracked from the heat, a piece striking him on the forehead, but luckily it did not cut him. He will let smoked glass alone in the future.

Principal Currier and Mr. W. H. Van Tassel have changed their blue uniform trousers for gray, with a black stripe down the seam, the same as those of the cadets. Both take an active part in the drill, the first as Colonel and the second as Major.

Saturday the pupils disperse for their homes to spend the Christmas holiday. Hope all will have a good time and see if there is any new leaf to turn over for the new year.

This is the week when the *JOURNAL*'s correspondent conclude their letters with wishing them selves and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Ye Fanwood scribe climbs on the tail of the band wagon and hopes his small bass drum will be heard amid the big trumpets of his brother pen pushers. He wishes what everybody else wishes everybody else, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Ex-Captain Eli Ellis writes from Walden, that he has been getting along finely since he left school last June. He takes as much interest in athletics as he did while at Fanwood. During the football season he played full back and right end, his team winning five and losing four games. He has taken up basketball for the coming season, and will play on the Walden High School team. J. H. K.

# PHILADELPHIA.

## Gallaudet Day Fittingly Observed.

### A GRAND BANQUET.

#### The Toasts and Responses--The Usual News About the Deaf.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

GALLAUDET DAY was this year observed here in two ways—by a memorial service in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, on Sunday afternoon, December 10th, and by a banquet at Tagg's Hotel on Monday evening following. The service has already been reported in the *JOURNAL*, so we have only to tell of the banquet. It was a pleasing and yet unostentatious affair. Attendance was not limited to a select few, and thus a goodly number put up a dollar, the price per plate. Tagg's Hotel, at the northeast corner of Franklin Street and Fairmount Avenue, is a rather modest place for such a celebration, but, as the Philadelphia deaf know, it was not a sky-scraper that was sought, but a place where a dollar meant a dollar. It is doubtful, however, that a better place could not have been secured.

The parlor of the hotel on the second floor was made the scene of the banquet, being just large enough for it. The table, which was shaped like the letter T, contained covers for forty persons and all but two were on hand. The decorations were simple, consisting almost wholly of palms, but they proved such an inconvenience to conversation in the sign language with those on the opposite side of the table that they had to be dispensed with and were grouped on a large piano as though to stifle its tones. Promptly at nine o'clock, the participants in the banquet took their places at the table. Mr. S. G. Davidson, who presided, occupying the middle of the cross table, with Rev. J. M. Koehler on his right and Rev. A. W. Mann on his left. All standing, Rev. J. M. Koehler offered the prayer specially prepared by him for Gallaudet Day, which was printed last week.

The followed Menu was the served:

### MENU

Raw Oysters  
—  
REMOVES  
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce  
Fried Oysters  
—  
ENTREES  
Chicken Croquettes, with Peas  
Sweetbread Pate  
—  
MAYONNAISE  
Chicken Salad Lobster Salad  
Lettuce and Potato Salad  
—  
COLD DISHES  
Roast Chicken Beef Tongue  
—  
RELISHES  
Olives Pick es  
—  
DESSERT  
Assorted Fruit Fancy Cakes  
Ice Cream  
Coffee

[S. G. DAVIDSON, Presiding]

### TOASTS

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet—James S. Reider.  
Edward Miner Gallaudet—J. A. McIlvaine  
Henry Winter Syle—R. M. Ziegler.  
The Clergy—Rev. A. W. Mann.  
Old Broad and Pine—W. H. Lipsett.  
The Mount Airy School—W. F. Durian.  
The Paris Congress—Rev. J. M. Koehler.  
The Cleric Literary Association—R. E. Underwood.

As the last course was being served Toastmaster Davidson, in a few happy words, opened the second feast—the feast of words—and proposed a toast to Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Mr. Jas. S. Reider was called on to respond. Placing two chairs together in front of the "silent piano," Mr. Reider mounted them, first taking the precaution to place his glass on the piano where it would be easy of reach at the desired time. He then paid a tribute to Gallaudet, whom he considered a most remarkable man in every way, a man whose piety was eminently Christlike, who was gifted with unusual powers of mind, as shown by his rapid early development and the tasks over which he was able to triumph in later years, and whose benevolence of heart was so free from selfishness as to challenge the admiration, respect,

and love of strangers, as well as his own townsmen. How true are these words of Gallaudet, continued Mr. Reider: "Benevolence directed to its proper object will not be lost. The seed may be long hid in the earth, but a future harvest will crown honest labor with success." His sympathy for his little afflicted neighbor was sincere and of a helpful kind, but there must have been a deeper inspiration, which led him to undertake so difficult a work as educating the deaf. Mr. Reider concluded his remarks with the request to drink to the memory of the deaf's greatest benefactor, and he was going to set the example himself, but on turning around for his glass it was found missing. Suspecting a joke and not to be wholly outdone, he seized one of the large flower pots and held it up to his lips. Of course, his predicament caused considerable amusement among those who saw it. Some have been generous enough since to refer to the incident as "Flower-pot Jim, or who swiped the Glass?"

The toast, "Edward Miner Gallaudet" was responded to by Mr. J. A. McIlvaine in an admirable way.

"Henry Winter Syle" was eulogized by Mr. R. M. Ziegler.

Rev. A. W. Mann, representing the "Clergy," said, among other things, that their work was made possible only by the education of the deaf. Education has made the deaf what they are and what they do.

"Old Broad and Pine," the former location of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and where nearly all the banqueters ended their school days, afforded an excellent opportunity for a humorous response, and Mr. Wm. H. Lipsett proved the right man for it. He called the place *Old Board* (instead of Broad) and Pine, and referred to Mr. Foster (Principal) as the good old Patriarch, to Miss Kirby (Matron) as the grand old lady, and to others in an equally witty way by imitating some well-known characteristic of each. He did not fail to recall to mind old Watchman Brown, whom the pupils delighted to make a target for shoes and other "gentle misses." In concluding, Mr. Lipsett said that, in recalling the good times at *Old Board* and Pine, he felt like saying as Paine did: "There is no place like home."

"The Mount Airy School" was highly praised by Mr. William F. Durian, who has three children there and was thus thought to be in a position to judge of the merits of the school.

Rev. J. M. Koehler was plain Mr. Koehler when he replied to the toast "The Paris Congress." He was exceedingly humorous at times and his reply, like those of the rest, was well appreciated.

When the "Cleric Literary Association" was proposed, there was a flutter of napkins visible all over the room, and Mr. R. E. Underwood, who responded to the toast, was more than pleased at the exhibition of loyalty.

Toastmaster Davidson then announced the list of toasts completed, but said he would call on a few persons to deliver short stories, and inflict the penalty of treating to a box of cigars on those who refused when called.

Mr. Thomas Breen was found prepared with three amusing stories, and the thirty-eight banqueters were each minus a free cigar.

Mr. Davidson, Mr. Ziegler, Mr. Durian, Mr. Koenig, and Mr. Reider, continued the story telling and the feast of words was brought to an end.

Mr. Washington Houston proposed a vote of thanks to Toastmaster Davidson, and to the Committee which arranged the banquet, Messrs. R. E. Underwood and E. D. Wilson.

A flash-light photograph of the banqueters was then taken by Mr. Partington, after which they dispersed.

The following is the list of persons who participated in the banquet:

Invited Guests—Rev. J. M. Koehler, Rev. A. W. Mann, of Ohio; F. C. Smielau.

S. G. Davidson, J. A. McIlvaine, G. T. Sanders, R. M. Ziegler, J. S. Reider, T. Breen, E. D. Wilson, A. C. Buxton, of Baltimore; M. Higgins, W. E. Grime, R. M. King, W. F. Durian, H. Robb, W. Houston, of Frankford; Spencer M. Hannold, W. H. Lipsett, H. Blankensee, W. Lee, H. G. Gunkel, C. Partington, of Chester; O. Koenig, R. E. Underwood, Ira Poorman, S. Bacharach, T. Natter, J. Mayer, Jr., J. Kohlmann, Jr., F. Stumpf, P. Grohm, H. Wisler, Albert Schreiner, Fred Buch, T. E. Jones, D. Wilson, and W. H. Johnson.

The third meeting of Philadelphia Local Branch of the P. S. A. D., was held in All Souls' Hall, on Friday evening, December 15th, Chairman Breen presiding. Three new members were enrolled. They are Messrs. William C. Shepherd, Thomas E. Jones and Philip Greim. The greater part of the time was occupied in hearing the

report of the Committee on Rules, which offered rules for the government of the Branch. The report was adopted.

Addresses were made by Mr. Davidson, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Houston and some others, on the work of the Branch.

Jas. S. Reider offered the following resolutions, which were seconded by Mr. Ziegler and unanimously adopted.

*Resolved*, That the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., learns with sincere sorrow of the destruction by fire of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Edgewood Park, on December 14th, 1899; and

*Resolved*, That its sympathy is hereby extended to the officers and teachers for the great loss sustained and to the large number of pupils who are thus temporarily deprived of school facilities.

The Chairman announced the following committees:

*On Entertainment*—R. M. Ziegler, Chairman; Edward D. Wilson, R. E. Underwood, Mrs. M. J. Syle, and Miss Cora Ford.

*On Finance*—Jas. S. Reider, Harry E. Stevens, and E. D. Wilson.

*On Rules*—R. M. Ziegler, S. G. Davidson, and J. S. Reider.

A collection of \$1.37 was taken for incidental expenses of the Branch.

The Branch now has thirty one members.

A few days since the *North American* reported the following:

Homeless and unable to secure employment because he is a mute, Frank Adams stole a kit of carpenter's tools at 308 Spruce Street yesterday morning, that he might get shelter for the winter. When arraigned before Magistrate Harrison in the De Launay Street police station, he presented a pathetic tale of his fight for an existence. In the statement he said he had been wandering about, unable to get clothing or food, and had slept where he could, many nights outdoors, until he had become weary and ill.

He admitted the charge of theft, and said he took the tools that he might be housed and cared for in a penal institution during the winter. The Magistrate sentenced him to three months in the House of Correction.

It is believed by some that the name given by this mute is fictitious and that he is a well-known character. Time will reveal the truth.

The recent celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the death of George Washington has called afresh a simple fact, which may interest the friends of the late Henry Winter Syle. It is not generally known that Dr. G. Brown, who attended Washington in his last sickness at the personal request of Mrs. Washington, was the great-grandfather of Mr. Syle.

The Cleric Literary Association held its December quarterly business meeting on the fourteenth inst., President Stevens presiding. Mostly routine business was transacted.

On December 7th, the members of the Association discussed the Roberts case, and it developed that Roberts had more friends in the Association than in Congress.

On January 1st, 1900, Mr. Robert McGregor, of Ohio, will appear before the Cleric Literary Association to lecture. His subject will be "The Destruction of Jerusalem." An admission price will be charged to meet expenses.

Mr. William A. Miles was advanced to fatherhood on December 4th. The newcomer is a boy. Congratulations!

Miss Mary E. Taylor has been confined to the house for several weeks past with a heavy cold, but her condition is improving now.

Seneca F. Large, Jr., is assisting at building a large factory in his native town, Doylestown. He is a carpenter by occupation.

Thomas D. Delp is wrestling with La Grippe.

Mrs. E. E. Roop's little boy is also seriously ill.

Harry Schapire had an opportunity of inspecting the famous Holland boat at close range, and he shows more than ordinary interest in it now.

Howard E. Arnold was visiting in Norristown, on Sunday, a week. The usual Christmas morning service will be held at All Souls' Church. A Christmas entertainment will probably be held on December 28th at the Church.

The writer has just heard from Mr. Hiram Phelps Arms, formerly of this city but more recently of Baltimore. He now occupies the position of assistant editor and manager of the art department of the *Connecticut Magazine* of Hartford, Conn.

J. S. R.

#### Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments

##### DECEMBER.

34—8:00 P.M., Geneva.  
35—10:00 A.M., Lake's, Rochester.  
36—7:30 P.M., Auburn.  
37—7:30 P.M., Christ P. H., Binghamton (lecture).  
38—10:30 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton (Holy Communion).  
39—4:15 P.M., Trinity, Elmira.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 11 Mason Street, Rochester, N. Y.

#### Services in the Diocese of Albany

##### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24.

10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy.  
3:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

# NEW-YORK.

## A Dull Week With Little of Interest to Chronicle.

### CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT AT ST. ANN'S.

#### A Variety of News Notes.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 135th St. (Room 4) New York.]

Since the present city representative of the *JOURNAL* took up the reins, nothing has approached the stagnation that has existed the past week.

The Christmas holidays doubtless attracts so much attention and requires so much work out of the usual current, that the deaf are not found "in their accustomed haunts."

Mrs. Neiser is going to be presented with a son-in-law for a Christmas present. Her daughter, Miss Bessie Dopp, will have a wedding for her Christmas joy.

Dr. Gallaudet preached to a congregation of twenty last Sunday at St. Ann's.

The new social organization that has become a new feature of life at St. Ann's, held a second meeting last week. Mrs. Wm. Rose and Miss Barrager are at the head of the movement, and little information can be gleaned about it. It is rumored that it is to be a very exclusive organization, open only to the "elect."

The old-time gatherings at the 5th Ave. Hotel are now but a memory, and perhaps it's just as well. Though a few deaf people do still gather there on Sunday, all the old-time prestige and glory is gone from the meeting place.

Mr. and Mrs. Driscoll, of the Lexington Avenue School, are going to play Santa Claus to numerous little friends, judging from the way they invested in Christmas things down in the shopping district last Saturday.

The *Evening Telegram*, of Monday, prints the following:

Unable to speak or to hear, Miss Hannah Adams, of Metuchen, N. J., has brought suit against George H. Riggs, of Burlington, N. J., for breach of promise. Riggs is also a deaf-mute. The case will be called in the Middlesex County Court, at New Brunswick, N. J., in a few days, and both sides will have a teacher of the deaf to watch the one called in by the Court to interpret the signs of the plaintiff and defendant to the jury.

Miss Adams is a strikingly handsome brunette, and, in spite of her affliction, is prominent in the social circles at her home. Riggs is an intelligent looking young man, and is well to do. He intends to contest the suit, vigorously.

Five years ago Miss Adams went to the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Trenton, N. J., and there she met Riggs, who paid her considerable attention. They sat opposite each other in the class room, and loving glances paved the way for a strong friendship, which apparently turned into love. Miss Adams, girl friends fairly idolized Riggs, but when Miss Adams entered the class room the young man, she asserts, devoted his entire attention to her.

When, three years ago school days were ended, Miss Adams expected to be married in the fall following. She returned home and several months later those who knew of the case were astounded to hear of Riggs being arrested on a charge made by Miss Adams. The Grand Jury did not indict Riggs, and he was released from arrest. He then gently refused to marry Miss Adams.

The pressure of duties in the

Money Order Department of the

City Post Office is an annual

trial to the clerks in that department,



Christmas Bells.

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas!  
Is it really come again.  
With its memories and greetings,  
With its joy and with its pain?

There's a minor in the carol,  
And a shadow in the light,  
And a spray of cypress twining  
With the holly wreath to-night.

And the hush is never broken  
By laughter light and low  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the "bells across the snow."

—Havergat.

BROOKLYN.

The season of mirth and jollity will soon be here and the lads and lasses among us are speculating as to what Santt Claus will bring them; mamma and papa to look upon the coming holidays with joy, tempered with apprehension for they are the ones who pay the fiddler that their children may dance—the ones from whom Old Santa with his sleigh and reindeer, his huge load of presents and jovial laugh—expects to foot the bill.

Since it was first organized, the Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers has done much good among the poor and unfortunate deaf of this borough, but like similar associations, here and elsewhere, lucre is necessary to grease the wheels that work may go on. Nobody can be sure that misfortune in one way or another will not overtake him; to-day he has health and all that money can buy; to-morrow the grim reaper enters his home and takes therefrom some loved one; the bank in which his savings for years were kept fails; his house burns down or he loses his employment; alas! such is the fate of all.

Of the many ways devised to raise the needful, none has proved more popular in the past than the Christmas Tree entertainments. At these gatherings fun has reigned supreme. Santa, with liberal hand has showered his presents alike upon the young and old, and at a late hour when all are about to depart for their homes, good words and praise are showered upon the Silent Workers.

The next Christmas Tree entertainment of the Brooklyn Guild occurs in the chapel of St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, near DeKalb Avenue, on the evening of December 28th, and from present outlook bids fair to excel other festivals of the kind held by the Silent Workers. The committee having it in charge are Henry L. Juhring, Leo Greis and W. G. Gilbert, who have worked hard and have high hopes of success. Just who will be rigged out as Santa Claus at present is unknown, but that he will be a good one, there's not the shadow of doubt, and what is more he will not be imported from an institution or from Manhattan borough.

With a nose for news, the reporter in his stunning rig, stove pipe hat and his best girl tucked under his arm, called at the Juhring homestead one evening last week. In answer to the question as to the kind of presents that will be distributed on the evening of December 28th, Mrs. Juhring (she is the one who is bossing the job as far as purchasing the presents is concerned) said that many of them will be found useful or ornamental, others sweet to the taste, still others will create laughter and fun, while a number will make the children howl with joy. Just think of it; an evening of fun, a present for everybody, a helping hand to sweet charity and all for the insignificant sum of twenty-five cents.

Ye of Brooklyn and elsewhere who in the past have neglected to attend the Guild's gatherings should not fail to be at this one. Charity is said to cover a multitude of sins. Surely if you can do a little good at such a small cost and at the same time enjoy yourself, attend this gathering and the past will be overlooked. Mutedom of this borough will be there in force, the maidens fresh and fair, the youth gay and bold, the dignified matron with bubbly, and the bashful bachelors too. If you cannot be present, at least buy a ticket and help the good work along. They can be obtained from all members of the Guild.

The annual election of officers of the Brooklyn Guild took place on the evening of the 7th inst., the successful ticket being as follows: President, Archie J. McLaren; Vice-President, S. Schloss; Secretary, William Gladstone Gilbert; Treasurer, H. L. Juhring.

Among the new business transacted that evening was the appointment of Charles J. Sanford, William Moore and R. S. Boswell, as a committee to get up a theatrical entertainment. If their report at the next meeting of the Guild proves acceptable, it is very likely that such an entertainment will be held immediately after the Lenten holidays. There is considerable talent among the members of the Guild, and such an entertainment under good management will doubtless prove a drawing card.

Messrs. George L. Reynolds and John Wilkinson after considerable persuasion have joined the Brooklyn Silent Workers. They were initiated at the last meeting, both riding the goat, did stunts and then made speeches, which were well received. Both were formerly active members of the Manhattan Literary Association, Mr. Wilkinson hav-

ing been for one or two terms its president; he was also a delegate from the association to the first National Convention of the Deaf, held at Cincinnati some years ago, and is considered the most graceful signmakers in the Empire State. Mr. Reynolds was formerly a teacher, and was prominent in the old Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes which flourished a dozen years or so ago.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson of this borough has been handsomely redecorated and papered and now looks like a princess boudoir. Both are strongly in favor of Rev. Harry Van Allen as a permanent pastor of St. Ann's. With a large number of friends they expect to attend the Christmas entertainment of the Brooklyn Guild.

It is probable that before long several prominent deaf gentlemen of this borough will become members of the Guild. Among others who have the question under advisement are John A. Dunlap and Frank M. Senior. It will be remembered that Mr. Dunlap was chairman of the great ball and reception held by the Manhattan Literary Association about fifteen years ago, and which was financially the greatest success of any entertainment which the deaf ever held.

Mr. S. M. Brown, a lay reader and collector for the Church Mission and Gallaudet Home, held forth at St. Mark's Church last Sunday. His sermon was about John the Baptist. It was an exceptionally good sermon, and as the reverend gentleman is a brilliant sign maker it had an excellent effect. Evidently the criticism regarding indifferent and illiterate men conducting services for the deaf has had one good effect. As the sermon was wholly prepared and written by Mr. Brown, it is desirable that it be published in the JOURNAL with Mr. Brown's name attached as the author.

It is exceedingly gratifying to note that mutedom of Manhattan is wide awake to the importance of having a deaf man of culture as one of the regular officiating clergy of St. Ann's Church. Most of the persons who have been mentioned are mentally well qualified for the position, but something more than mere intellectuality is required. Without that something, all other qualifications are as nothing. It was "Episcopalian" who first brought this subject prominently before mutedom hereabouts, although it had doubtless before been privately discussed by others.

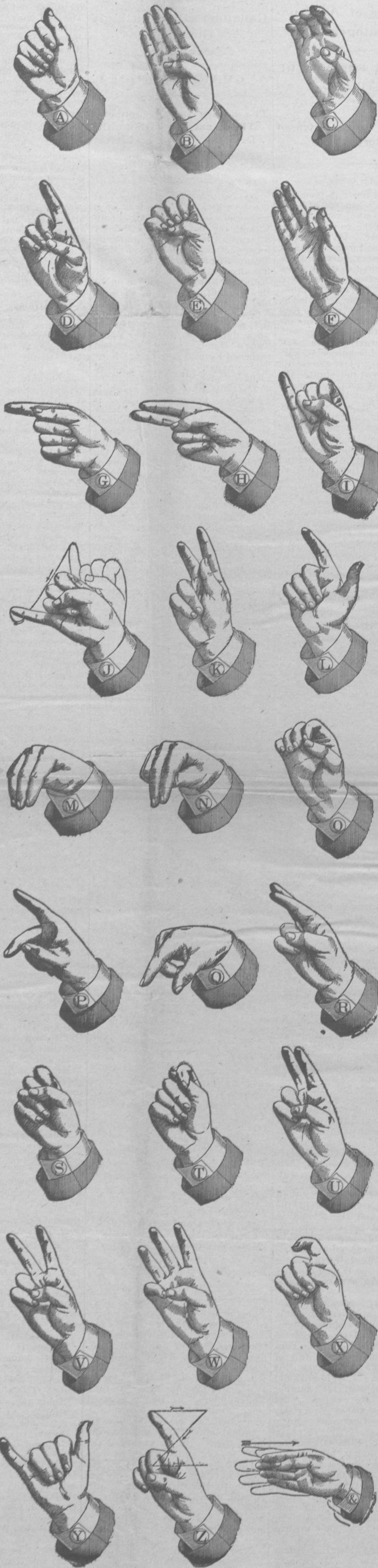
In an article published in the JOURNAL about one year ago, he complained of the indifferent character of the Sunday services conducted by illiterate persons, gave a pointed illustration of one which had fallen under his personal observation, and entered a vigorous protest against their continuance. In conclusion, "Episcopalian" said: "Let there be more deaf men to carry on the religious services for the deaf; these need not necessarily be men with a college training, but it goes without saying that they should be Christians in practice as well as in name, with broad common sense, patience, and fidelity to the work to which they concentrate their lives." The above quotation describes the kind of deaf men needed at St. Ann's as well as in Brooklyn, and the Church Mission of which Rev. Thomas Gallaudet is general manager, will act with due regard for the wishes of the deaf and in the fear of God if such an one is appointed.

In discussing merits of various deaf gentleman as associate minister of St. Ann's, and incidentally of the Brooklyn mutes, those of the Rev. Mr. Whildin, of Baltimore, should not overlooked. Possessing a high degree of mentality and moral character of the best, firm, courageous, modest, and withal a good sign maker, he would make an ideal religious and moral leader of the deaf of Greater New York. With such a man at the helm over here, Brooklyn would soon possess a chapel or church of its own, and until some such an appointment is made the services at St. Mark's should not be brought into further contempt by being conducted by illiterate deaf men.

Dec. 11, '99. LUDWIG.

Although quicksilver has not hitherto occupied other than a minor position among the metals of New South Wales, there not wanting indications that in the near future it will be found one of the most valuable of the numerous metallic products of the colony.

American Manual Alphabet.



LEXINGTON OPERA HOUSE

58th Street, near 3d Avenue  
Manhattan Borough, N. Y.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

REPRESENTED IN THE COMMITTEE:

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM, Chairman.

ARTHUR C. BACHRACH, Treasurer.

ADOLPH PFEIFFER, GEORGE M. TAGGARD, MARX LEVY

Remarkable Affair, Composed of the Following:

TENTH YEAR VAUDEVILLE! TENTH YEAR  
TENTH YEAR VAUDEVILLE! TENTH YEAR  
TENTH YEAR VAUDEVILLE! TENTH YEAR

ALL FOR A GRAND RECEPTION! FIFTY CENTS  
ALL FOR A GRAND RECEPTION! FIFTY CENTS  
ALL FOR A GRAND RECEPTION! FIFTY CENTS

Thursday, January 18, 1900

Balcony and Five First Rows,  
Reserved Seats, Seventy-Five Cents

MUSIC BY DAVIS' BAND.

THE CURTAIN WILL RISE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.  
DANCING WILL COMMENCE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK.  
NO CHARGE FOR HAT CHECKS

P. S.—PROFESSIONAL TALENT WILL APPEAR ON THE STAGE,  
ENGAGED PRINCIPALLY TO PLEASE THE EYE, AND INCIDENTALLY TO  
DELIGHT THE EAR.

PACH BROS.

Art Photographers,  
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ST. PAUL CONVENTION.

No Delegate or visitor to the  
Convention should be without  
one of PACH'S!

Souvenir Convention Photographs  
If you order now and send cash  
with order, you can get a beautiful  
Silver Panel (heavy bevelled  
mount), with the title printed  
thereon, regularly sold for \$1.50,  
for only one dollar each.

The same style in Carbon Finish  
\$1.50 each. We do not re-  
commend anything in cheaper  
finish.

Four Convention Souvenir Groups.

1. At Minnehaha Falls (Minneapolis). Delegates group on the steps. Though this group was taken in the rain at dark, it is nevertheless very good.
2. On the steamer "Tonka" on Lake Minnetonka. This picture makes the handsomest Souvenir of all.
3. In the Park at the Picnic; this is also a beautiful photograph and contains more faces than any except Capitol group.
4. On the steps at the west entrance to the State Capitol, St. Paul. This group contains all the delegates and every one should have a copy of it.

Copies of these will be shown in St. Paul by Mr. Spear, in Chicago by Mr. Wayman, in St. Louis by Mr. Schaub.

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